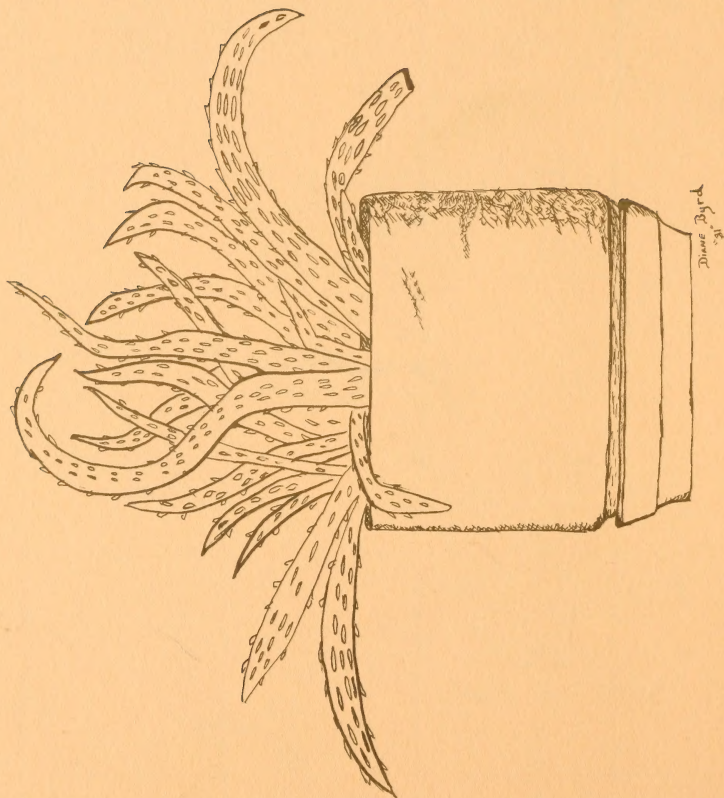


EDITOR'S NOTE...

To those who are encouraged
when no one else knows why
And maintain an air of grace
that helps another carry on
When he is discouraged and
no one else knows why
Is this menagerie of thoughts
dedicated - with all love and...
... admiration

Dorcas L. Herring



732

About the

According to the Analytical Concordance to the Bible, the meaning of "sefer" or "sepher" is derived from the Hebrew, meaning "writing" or "book."



A ROSE

He looked down upon the rose garden
And only saw the withered bushes,
Faded flowers and prickly thorns.
In the corner, he noticed a single flower in bloom.
The crimson, velvety petals of the budding rose,
Hid the ugliness of the brown bushes.
The single rose with its blood-red color
Is worth saving the whole garden.
As a smile spreads across His face,
A tear slowly forms and falls to the Earth.
The tear of joy becomes the morning dew
As the darkness becomes the light.

Shari Besseche

Spring 1982

Volume 1

Number 9

SEFER STAFF

Dorcas Herring Editor
Donna Alexander
Dianne Brazil
Carol Carson
Rene Hancock
Gregory Hill
Sharon Simmons
John Stevens
Mark Vincent

Spring 1982

All rights reserved, no part of this magazine may be reproduced without permission from the publisher.

The Sefer Literary Magazine
c/o Baptist College at Charleston
Charleston, South Carolina 29411

CONTENTS

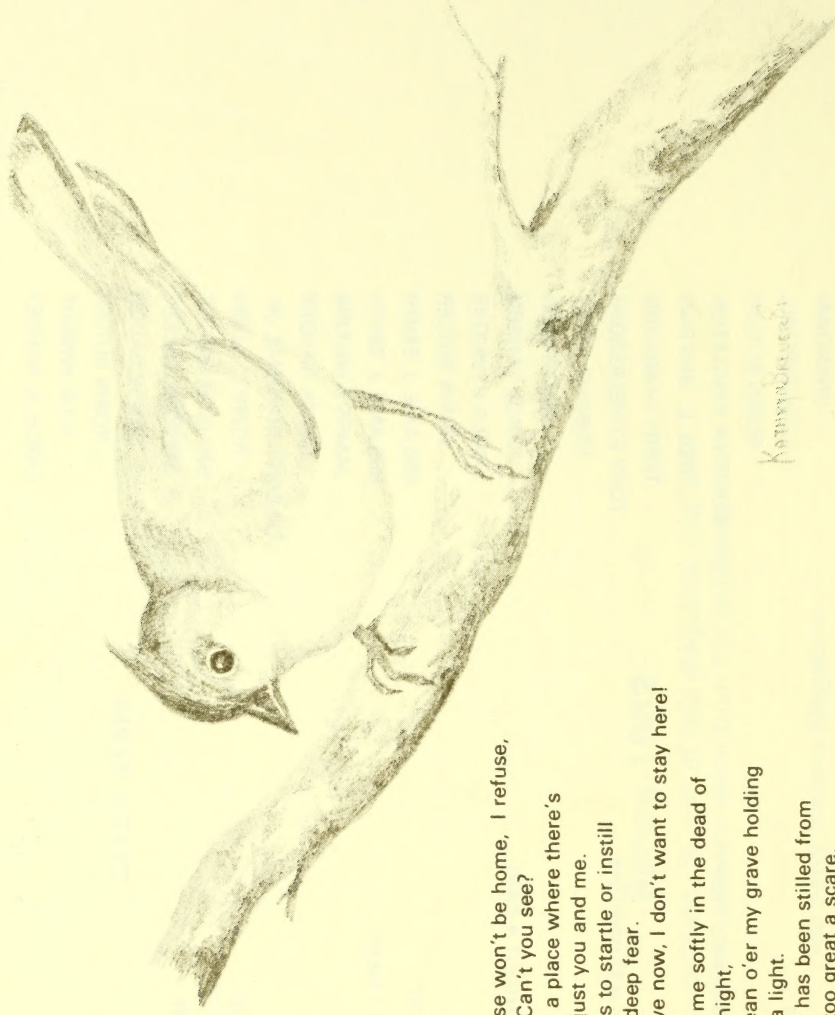
IS LOVE WORTH IT?	UNKNOWN
IN HONOR OF MY MOM	J. GREGORY HILL
BENEATH THE GRASS	ROBIN BUTLER
PEACEFUL FLIGHT OF DAY AND NIGHT	BENZENIA SINGLETON
DISENCHANTMENT	DEB. E., BRITTAIN
HAUNTED	TERRY HAMMOND
TO THOSE WHO KNOW NOT WISDOM	TONY EICHELBERGER
DAYBREAK	ROBIN C. GIBBS
TWO BIT POEMS	JIM NELSON
I STARTED MY DAY WITHOUT A CARE	CAROL CARSON
DAWN'S EARLY LIGHT	JAMES I. WILKINS
AGING	ROBIN BUTLER
TEST TIME	MELANIE J. SMITH
GOD WATCH OVER MY FRIEND	MELANIE J. SMITH
LONESOME IS	JAMES I. WILKINS
VALENTINE	CAROL SAVORY
GILLY'S SONNET	GILBERT BRADHAM, JR.
IT IS HERE THAT I COME	ROBIN C. GIBBS
A ROSE	SHARI BESSECHE
SANDDOLLAR	R. MARSHA TUCKER
TO MY BROTHER	SANDY BAUGH
LIFE	ROBIN BUTLER
YOU CALLED ME	JULIE WRIGHT
RENAISSANCE NOW	CAROL A. SAVORY

HAUNTED

Speak to me softly in the dead
of night.
Hold my body close as I shiver
in fright.
Still my heart that beats in fear.
Take my hand, wipe my tear.
Turn on the light that chases away,
the spirits of night that want to
stay.
Cradle my body against your own.
Take me away, I want to go home.
This house speaks of evil beings
that lurk,
that laugh at my tears with a
smirk.
The breeze blows chilly through the
floorboards at day
And the spooks drift in to try and
scare me away.

This house won't be home, I refuse,
Can't you see?
We need a place where there's
just you and me.
No beings to startle or instill
deep fear.
Let's leave now, I don't want to stay here!
Speak to me softly in the dead of
night,
As you lean o'er my grave holding
a light.
My heart has been stilled from
too great a scare.
I told you, dear, I wouldn't
stay there.

Terry Hammond



KATHY DUNN

January 1982

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30
31						

To Those Who Know Not Wisdom

Do not look at the rain drops-
look between them.

Listen not to the harsh wind,
nor the gentle wind
but listen to the silence.

Wonder not about tomorrow
nor today

but try to solve yesterday.

Search not for love in the darkness
nor righteousness in the light;

look not for what is wrong
but for that that is right.

Search not for wisdom in rain drops
nor in the harsh or gentle winds

Wisdom lies not upon paper
but comes only from within.

Tony Eichelberger

VALENTINE

Mount on top the world
A heart made out of love.
And, leave it there for some Cherubim
To bless it with God's love.
Then send it to your valentine,
And seal it with a kiss.
God grant to you your wishes
And hope Cupid's arrow doesn't miss.

Carol Savory

February 1982

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28						

DISENCHANTMENT

The first rays of the morning sun
awakened me with a dazzling brilliance
The dawn of a new day brought excitement to my soul.

I turned over in bed
Expecting to see the roses of my new love in full bloom,
spreading their sweet petals
in a delicious fragrance about the room.

But as I looked to my dresser
I saw only a faint remembrance of yesterday's joy-
the fallen, dead petals on the hard, cold floor.

Deb E. Brittain

GILLY'S SONNET

When I look up at the sky that's pitch black dark;
And think of brilliant stars that could there run,
It seems the image that I see, an ark,
Could better be detailed by light of sun.

The question fellow students and good friends,
Is not of darkness or of light that failed,
Nor whether ships could reach the' universal ends
Or boats their uncharted course have sailed.

It only seems the crew in the night sky
Might serve a role more useful than we know
If we could but determine where they lie
When morning breaks upon the new fall's snow.

Some navigators in the course they lay
Could look to heaven with no need to pray.

Gilbert Bradham, Jr.



March

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31			

"TWO BIT POEMS"

Mary, Mary
Quite contrary
How does you garden grow?
With cornbeef hash
And potatoes
I'm poor.

Jim Nelson

I STARTED MY DAY WITHOUT A CARE

I started my day without a care,
No thought of God or a prayer;
I tried God's door and found
it locked.
God said, "There is no entrance
without a knock."
I called out to God,
expecting him to speak
God turned me away and said,
"Child you didn't seek."

I rushed through the day
always taking before I gave,
only thinking of me, and the
time I would save.
But every few steps
I would trip and fall;
God said, "Child, on Me,
why don't you call?"
I got up this morning bright
and early, ready to start the day.
Before I did anything, I
bowed my head
to pray.

Carol Carson

April

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	

Three Blind Mice
Three Blind Mice
See how they ran
See how they ran
They all went after the farmer's wife
She had a carver's knife
But they escaped with their life
They could see! they lied.
Three Blind Mice
Three Blind Mice

Jim Nelson



May		1982					
S	M	T	W	T	F	S	
						1	
2	3	4	5	6	7	8	
9	10	11	12	13	14	15	
16	17	18	19	20	21	22	
23	24	25	26	27	28	29	
30	31						

AGING

One day when I am getting ever so old, I'll take my wrinkled, well-weathered hand and turn time's onward hands defiantly back. I'll turn them back a few hours at a time and then a few years. I'll go back to when I was ever so young, when I could laugh freely, no worries, responsibilities or care, except for my good friends here and there; when I could sing and think with clarity and depth; when I understood and had some enjoyment out of life. But before I know it, the hands begin to turn again. They move so quickly on their steadfast course. Surely that must be the tiny second hand turning so fast. My old eyes have failed me and another hour has passed.

Robin Butler

God, watch over my friend,
'Til his world's end, and
Even after then.

Melanie J. Smith

DAWN'S EARLY LIGHT

When the dawn of the early morning comes
I think of you
And the nice times we shared together.
Our moments of confusion
Were outnumbered by the times of joy,
I always knew the love was there.
In my soul I could never replace such joy
That only we can share
The sun comes up to dawn on another day,
Missing you. . . .

James I. Wilkins

TEST TIME

God help me through another test
Please help me try to do my best
I loafed around all weekend
Forgive me once more for this sin
With your help I know I can pass
Maybe this time will be my last
But, once again, You know me best
I'll call on You for another test.

Melanie J. Smith

June		1982					
S	M	T	W	T	F	S	
		1	2	3	4	5	
6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
13	14	15	16	17	18	19	
20	21	22	23	24	25	26	
27	28	29	30				

LONESOME IS

L A yard without some grass
 A window without a glass
 A party without a hostess or host
 A line without a post
 O A singer without a song
 Nothing right, all wrong
 N A lover without love
 Moonlight without the stars above
 E Pain without cure
 Never being sure
 The cold without heat
 S A tune without a beat
 A soldier away from home
 Having al loved one gone
 O A head without any hair
 A house with no one there
 M A child that nobody wants
 A life of do's and don'ts
 E A word that means alone
 Around when there's only one
 Having nothing to do
 Is . . . Me without you.

James I. Wilkins

RENAISSANCE NOW

How wonderful the stars light pierces down;
 Through the clouds, through the trees, through the grass.
 To the sparkling water its gleam to astound.
 See how brilliantly the moon it boldly stands;
 Through the summer, through the spring, through the winters
 To the smiling faces its interlude abound.
 Hear the sound that come to us;
 Through the walls, through the ground, through the sea
 To the creatures on this Earth to decorate as lace.
 Feel the wind that soothes your face;
 Through your hair, through your ears, through your nostrils,
 To the wondrous carnal soul to fill with grace.
 Smell the pungent odors of life superb;
 Through the hills, through the glens, through the forests,
 To the farms and valleys it cunningly churns.
 Touch a smooth satin-faced blade of grass;
 Through the spring, through the summer, through your hands,
 To awaken sleeping minds to caress and soothe.
 Awaken and see your dreams come true;
 Through your youth, through the middle-age, through the old-age;
 Awaken and catch every bit of life you can!

Carol A. Savory

July 1982

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

YOU CALLED ME

You called me "friend".
 For the moment
 that was all I wanted to hear.

Then, you called me "love".
 For the moment,
 that was all I wanted to hear.

Then, you called me
 nothing at all...

I wish you were here again,
 to call me "friend" --
 or to call me anything at all.

I just miss your voice.
 It's all I want to hear.

Not for the moment,

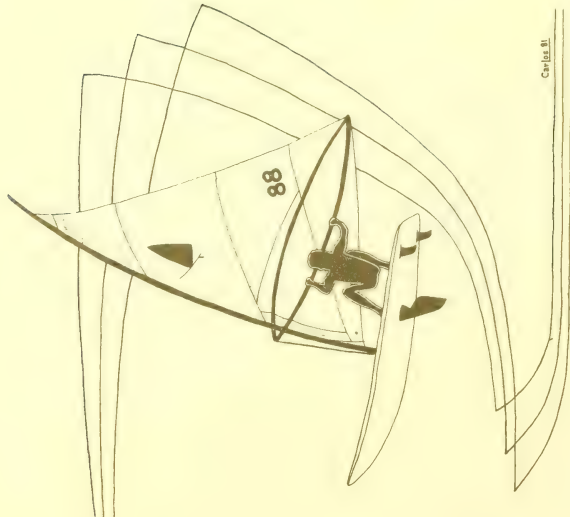
but
 forever. Julie Wright

i gently picked up the special
 sand dollar. It was beautiful.
 Bleached white by the sun, dark
 shimmering star, and characterized
 with slight age marks. i felt as
 though i had reached the destination
 i've long waited for. Then, i felt
 a sharp unexpected pain. i could
 see the red substance flow from
 my hand. The special sand dollar
 had torn my flesh with its rough
 edges. i could feel the tears
 leave my eyes and tumble to meet
 my chin. i lay the sand dollar back
 into the sand, and walked away.
 The tide is folding near shore.

R. Marsha Tucker

August 1982

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				



Circle 88

DAYBREAK

It is as though nothing exists,
Here in the still expanse of darkness
I calmly await the beginning
Of another brand new day.
As I gaze, serene and relaxed,
I think of the excitement that will surround me.
Then my inner self becomes anxious
And imagines the sunrise before
It is ever made visible.
Then suddenly,
My concentration is interrupted as
The bright light emitted by the sun
Opens the doors of darkness.
It's beautiful to watch and truly
One of God's most brilliant creations.

Robin C. Gibbs

PEACEFUL FLIGHT OF DAY AND NIGHT

I sit upon my window sill,
Everything seems to be quiet and still,
Just listen, on sounds,
Just a peaceful scenery of vivid green,
and the smell of soft pine.
I look around, oh, look! a bumble bee,
I strain my ear to hear, it's
faint, but I can hear a buzz.
After a rainfall, the world seems
so alive; little tiny droplets glisten
upon a green leaf.
It all seems so quiet,
and yet at night,
shining stars fill the sky;
twinkling their lights upon
the blue-black sky,
If I listen long enough,
I can hear
The sounds of night.

Benzenia Singleton

September				1982		
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30		

It is here that I come
 When I turn loose my thoughts;
 This place so peacefully
 Fills my heart with content.
 In the distance I hear
 The rushing sounds of those
 Whose thoughts are multi-fold,
 Screaming for their release.

It is then that I become
 Saturated in a serenity
 So fulfilling to my soul
 That at that point my life
 Seems to hold a truer,
 More firm existence.

Robin C. Gibbs

BENEATH THE GRASS

Where a mushroom makes
 a tent for a thousand soldiers
 Where small pebbles
 make gargantuan boulders
 Where a single blade
 is a tree
 Where a dreaded king
 is a bee
 Where blankets are
 made of leaves
 Where daisies make
 wedding wreaths
 Where the chirping
 of crickets is a symphony
 Where life is complicated
 in its simplicity.

Robin Butler

October		1982				
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30
31						

in honor of:

PAULA DAGGETT (My Mom)

My Mother says that, "cause I'm ten

I musn't ever, ever again

Kiss any of the boys," says she,

"Or even let the boys kiss me!"

But I'll tell you that I just bet

When Mother was a girl she let

The boys kiss her — why I just know

She must have, even tho

She knew her mother would be raged,

Cause that's how she got engaged.

Oh yes it is!

The other night my Aunt was in the

drawing room, right near the door

T'was open, too. Just a wee, wee crack,

And I peeked through!

Mr. Smith was sitting there,

Right close up to Auntie's chair.

And just as I commenced to peek,

He kissed Aunt Alice on the cheek.

After that I ran away,

But in a little while, when they came out,

They were engaged!

I know! They told my Mother so.

But I'm going to mind my Mother, tho.

When I'm grown up like that,

And no one loves me, 'cept the cat,

And I'm nothing but a cranky, old maid,

With corkscrew curls and dreadful afraid,

And scared to death of a little mouse,

And won't let children come into my house,

Cause they might get crumbs on the parlor floor.

Mother will be as shamed as shamed can be

To think no man will marry ME!

J. Gregory Hill

November 1982

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30				

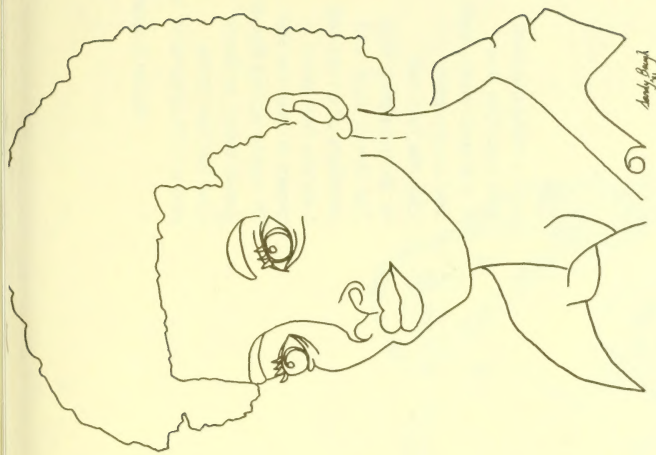
To My Brother

I once had a special friend
 who knew my fantasies
 My dear friend was so like me,
 but not my color, you see.

Despite our different molds
 our spirits were the same.
 Though discouraged by society,
 our love flourished quietly.

Now my friend is far away,
 but our souls remain as one.
 A special feeling lives in me;
 I'm color-blind, but more able to see!

Sandy Baugh



December 1982

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	

IS LOVE WORTH IT ALL?

What is love worth? It seems to keep its distance from me. I've lived twenty years and have never experienced what love is to that special person here on earth. I know God loves us and that is all we need; or is it all we need? There is marriage and you have to have love to have marriage, Some say love will come my way, but please God, let me know when.

I guess girls just don't want a person like me for a boyfriend to love and cherish. I can be a friend, a person to talk to, to laugh and cry with, but a person to love. I guess it will never happen.

As small as the word is, it makes a new impact every day in everyone's life except mine. I've tried too hard and have hurt myself twice. I thought I had a love, but it just turned out that I was there.

If you sit back and think, is love worth all the pain, the sadness, and the anger-is love worth all this? Love is also happiness and joy; but if I am loved, why do I feel hurt when I see a new couple around? I thought as I saw a new couple spring up, some guys get all the breaks to have a girl like that.

So when I look at love and what it has brought me, I simply say-is love worth it all?

Unknown

LIFE

Like a newborn bird
free from the nest
A foal with shaky legs
and snowy crest
Like the first rain
in unsuspecting May
The dawn, dusk and
wonders of a new day
Like the first wind
blown across the sea
Or newly spring flowers
green fresh, willowy
Like the first snow
laid on the ground of fall.

Robin Butler

Some things never change. . .



. . . or do they?

